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WITHIN ABOVE BEYOND

By

EDITH WILLIS LINN

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A New Prayer.

Lord, I have striven long to tune my soul to Thee,
To make my life a song sung in a higher key.
Now, Lord, I only pray,
Sing Thou through me.

How often I have tried to do some deed of might,
To act, to fight for Thee, to conquer in Thy sight.
Now, God, I only pray,
Show me the right.

Lord, I have often dreamed of beauty, love and power,
How I would win all these and leave them as Earth's dower;
But now I only say,
Feed me each hour.

Lord, I have toiled and toiled to closer come to Thee,
Blind to Thy life that is in all I feel and see;
But now I only wait
Thy love in me.

Only Thy love, oh, Lord! to flood me more and more.
Into my soul Thy soul in conscious beauty pour,
Till I but live to love,
Praise and adore.

My Own White Soul.

Soul of my soul, forgive me that I lose
The memory of thy beauty and thy grace,
And seek along the lowly paths and poor
To find imagined joy in mortal face.

Forgive me that I lose the luster cast
From thy dear eyes and clasp earth's glittering dross;
That I forget how we were heaven-born
To share each joy, to bear each aching cross.

I have gone far along a lonely way,
Who might have felt the pressure of a hand;
I have dug deep in mire who might have climbed
Close to thy side into some Beulah land.

I chose the city glare, the throngs of men,
Who might win Paradise alone with thee;
I walked with draggled skirts mid sin and pain,
Who might have flown, a spirit, winged and free

I coddled greed and lust and selfish thoughts,
Weeds of a sad, rank growth that bear no flowers,
Who might have plucked with thee the asphodels
From branches drooping out of Heaven's bowers.

My own white soul, my better, higher self,
  Lift me and lead me closer to thy smile ;
Oh, leave me not alone, though I may seem
  Thy purer, nobler being to defile !

White soul of mine, look at me as I pray,
  And clasp me close and tell me o'er and o'er
That thou and I are one, inseparable,
  Of God, for God, to God forevermore.

Don't Worry About It.

Don't worry about it,
  The past is laid away.
Why should we bring a bygone thing
  To spoil a glad to-day?

Don't worry about it,
  The future is with God;
Why should we moan and fret and groan
  O'er paths we have not trod?

Don't worry about it,
  God gives us just to-day
In which to live, to love, to give,
  To serve, to toil, to pray.

Don't worry about it,
  The Father knoweth best.
Why understand? Just lay your hand
  In the Father's hand, and rest.

The Power of Silence.

Would'st thou build a world of power,
Oh, my spirit! Oh, my heart?
Build not as the worldly buildeth,
Build in silence and apart,

As the atoms grew to mountains,
As seas sink and land uprears,
As the waters wear the granite,
As the star-dust grows to spheres.

Wouldst thou win a world of glory,
Oh, my spirit! Oh, my heart?
Pray not as the worldly prayeth,
Pray in silence and apart,

For the love that wins, not asking,
For the strength that conquers pride;
For unselfishness in duty;—
These shall make thee glorified.

Wouldst thou win the wealth of ages
Oh, my spirit! Oh, my heart?
Ask not as the worldly asketh,
Praise for beauty, gold for art;

But in silence of the spirit
Seek but God, whence all these spring;
One with Him, thou shalt inherit
All the Age's offering.

The Holy Spirit.

The subtle and etherial power
  That moves across the earnest soul,
  As clouds along the azure roll,
As breezes rock the summer flower;

The consciousness within the heart
  Of far-off life and other days,
  Of being alien to earth's ways,
A stranger to life's grosser part;

The sense of fullness from on high,
  When hearts grow light of worldly care,
  The sense of answer to our prayer
From deeps within, than self more nigh;

The touch of something when we pause
  Before an act not wholly true,
  Falling more gently than the dew
Upon the heart that owns its laws;

Are proofs we are not wholly clod,
  Are hints of something half divine
  That is in me, yet is not mine—
The Holy Spirit, heir of God.

The Inward Breath.

Be still, oh, soul! and hush thy vain petition,
Be still and let God speak;
Words are a foreign language to the spirit,
All meaningless and weak.

Be still, oh, soul! drawn inward into silence,
And breathe the inward breath,
The language of the Father when he wakened
Life out of gloom and death.

In this still breathing in thy inner chamber,
Thou art of God a part;
Here cometh Christ, the perfected and holy,
To teach and lead thy heart.

Be still, be still, and listen in the silence;
Relax thy greed and pride;
The Father waiteth just within the portal,
And Christ, in silence, takes thy hand to guide.

The Silent Isles.

Have I but fancied all the radiant beauty,
  Unfading light and passionless repose,
Of blessed islands, musical with silence,
  Wherein no storm or tempest ever rose?

Sometimes I almost reach them; have assurance
  That in the soul those lands of silence lie,
Not far away in stranger seas uprearing—
  But inward, while life's turmoil rushes by.

Inward then seek, oh, soul, the silent islands.
  No foot can break their calm, no voice affright,
Nor loss, nor pain, nor failure, death nor danger,
  Press the glad soul that dwells within their light.

Service.

Just a little sister toiling here below,
Following the Brother who vanished long ago.

Pass His cup of water, do His little deed;
Love and faith and purpose need no lengthy creed.

Service true, though tiny; action high, though small,
Ideal going on before glorifying all.

This would be my living, could I have my way,
This the trying, trying that is mine to-day.

And I ask no better blessing when the silent night
shall come
Than to hear the gentle whisper, "Little sister, wel-
come home."

Is it Hard to Bear, Brother?

Is it hard to bear, oh brother?
Straighter stand and stronger grow,
Let the eyes look up to beauty
If the foot must plod below.

Is it hard to bear, oh sister?
Dry thine eyes and smile again;
For the world gives smiles for smiling,
And the world gives pain for pain.

Is it long and steep and lonely?
More the need of laughter's cheer,
More the need of hope and courage,
Faith in God that conquers fear.

Is it sad and cold, my darling?
Do not meet it with a frown;
Love and faith and peace and trusting,
Cast a thousand dangers down.

Courage, then, and smile at sorrow;
Courage, then, and laugh at pain,
Till thy life resounds with gladness,
And thou hast thine own again.

Restless Heart, Don't Worry So.

Dear restless heart, be still; don't fret and worry so;
God hath a thousand ways His love and help to show;
Just trust, and trust, and trust, until His will you know.

Dear restless heart, be still, for peace is God's own smile,
His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile;
Just love, and love, and love, and calmly wait a while.

Dear restless heart, be brave; don't moan and sorrow so;
He hath a meaning kind in chilly winds that blow;
Just hope, and hope, and hope, until you braver grow.

Dear restless heart, repose upon His heart an hour;
His heart is strength and life, His heart is bloom and flower;
Just rest, and rest, and rest, within His tender power.

Dear restless heart, be still; don't toil and hurry so;
God is the silent One, forever calm and slow;
Just wait, and wait, and wait, and work with Him below.

Dear, restless heart, be still; don't struggle to be free;
God's life is in your life, to Him you may not flee;
Just pray, and pray, and pray, till you have faith to see.

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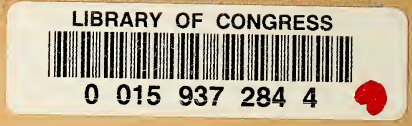

Beresford, Pr., City of Washington.